

*The history*

heires quoth hee, and one white, that white heire is my father, and all the rest are his sonnes. *Jupiter* quoth shee, which of these heires is *Paris* my husband? the forked one quoth he, pluckt out and gae it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chafte, and all the rest so laught that it past.

*Cres.* So let it now for it has beene a great while going by.

*Pan.* Wel cozen I tould you a thing yetterday, think on't.

*Cres.* So I doe.

*Pan.* Ile be sworne tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.

*Sound a retreat.*

*Cres.* And Ile spring vp in his teares an'twere a nettle against May.

*Pan.* Harke they are comming from the field, shall we stand vp here and see them as they passe toward Ilion, good Neece do, sweete Neece *Cresseida*.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Heere, here, here's an excellent place, here wee may see most brauely, ile tell you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* aboute therest.

*Enter Aeneas.*

*Cres.* Speake not so lowde.

*Pan.* Thats *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hees one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but marke *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

*Enter Antenor.*

*Pan.* Thats *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's man good enough, hees one o'th soundest iudgements in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person, when comes *Troilus*, ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you shall see him nod at mee.

*Cres.* Will he giue you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do the ritch shall haue more.

*Enter Hector.*

*Pan.* Thats *Hector*, that, that, looke you that, thers a fellow goe thy way *Hector*, thers a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*, looke how hee lookes, theres a countenance, ist not a braue man?

*Cres.* O a braue man.

*Pan.*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

*Pan.* Is a not? it dooes a man heart good, looke you what hacks are on his helmet, looke you yonder, do you see, looke you there, thers no iesting, thers laying on, takt off, who will as they say, there be hacks.

*Cres.* Bethose with swords.

*Enter Paris.*

*Pan.* Swords, anything he cares not, and the diuell come to him, its all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not, why this is braue now, who said he came hurt home to day. Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellen*s heart good now ha? would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall see *Troilus* anon.

*Cres.* Whose that?

*Enter Helenus.*

*Pan.* Thats *Helenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, thats *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day, thats *Helenus*.

*Cres.* Can *Helenus* fight vncke?

*Pan.* *Helenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; harke doe you not here the people crie *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest;

*Cres.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*Enter Troilus.*

*Panda.* Where? yonder? thats *Deiphobus*. Tis *Troilus*! theres a man Neece, hem? braue *Troilus* the Prince of chiuallrie.

*Cres.* Peace for shame peace.

*Pan.* Marke him, note him: O braue *Troilus*, looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his sword is bloudied, and his helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how hee lookes, and how hee goes? O admirable youth, hee neuer saw three and twenty, go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a sifter were a grace, or a daughter a Goddesse, hee should take his choice, O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant *Hellen* to change would giue an eye to boote.

*Cres.* Here comes more.

*P.* Affes, fooles, doults, chaff & bran, chaff & bran, porredge after meate, I could lue and die in the eyes of *Troilus*, nere

B a

looke